2/17/72

Dear Warden Moore,

My yesterday's typing, of which you are aware, was quite a beating for a hand from which the left thumb was almost severed. If I did not consider it important, I would not have taken that time, nor would I subjected my hand to the physical abuse. I hope you can understand this and consider it the cause of this informality in the letter that follows. I hope you can, despite whatever restrictions he may be under, let James have it on the ground that I am part of his defense. Thanks your very much.

Dear James,

After writing you yesterday as I had thought of it while waiting, I considered whether part of your reaction might be what does that square guy now about life in jail or the prospects of a man half of whose life may yet be ahead of him when he is scheduled to spend all of what remains inside jail. It is true that I can only imagine how you feel. But that is not really relevant, and it is my purpose that you not spend the rest of your life jailed.

What I can address, and what the real purpose of this letter is, is those others things of which I did write you so that you may, in the phrase of the young people, "put your head together". I told you that your timing was perfect if it was to help all of your enemies. And I told you it could not more perfectly have fit the needs of Frank. I also told you I knew what his book would say, giving you only part of the basis for my saying it. There was more for which I did not have time. I knew what I was talking about. My purpose here is to give you proof of this and what I know you did not like, my bluntness in telling you you could not more perfectly have picked a time to be of maximum help to Gerold Frank.

In today's mail I have from a friend with a major publishing house page 96 of the issue of Publishers' Weekly dated February 7. I enclose a copy of it. The content you can make out for yourself. I ask you to pay particular attention to the timing, the point I emphasized.

This is the trade organ of publishing. It goes to everybody in the business, every book store in the country, every radio and TV network, every talk show of any kind, every public-relations outfit dealing with the electronic media, every book reviewer of any stature - in short, to everyone who will have anything to do with the sales and attention.

Where it was read thoroughly and promptly, it was fresh in all minds. Where there may have been a delay, as with the case of my friend, the coincidence was absolutely perfect. I enclose the part of the envelope showing the postmark so you can see that it could not have been more perfect in this case. Now, if the news story you generated exactly coincided with the reading of this trade review, one calculated to promote the book and secondary use of it, was on the desk of the man who makes the big decisions as with my friend, who does not in this area, you did a bit more against yourself than I credited you with, for this is one of the three publishers of reprints whose reprints get the best promotions and the widest distribution. This is where the real mass audience is reached. For example, with my first book, WHITEWASH, the four original printings totaled 23,000. But with the reprint, the first of four reprintings was for a full quarter of a million copies. My point and purpose is not to rub it in but to tell you I do know what I am talking about, and this is absolute proof. And, as I told you, review copies go out ahead of time, the first being in this publication which then influences the publications that reach the lay readers, by about two months. When this issue it dated 2/7 and publication is for 4/4, how close was I?

And, the more attention Frank gets, the more every potential juror is poisoned against you, the easier the conscience of a judge tempted to rule against you despite the law.

Think, man, think! And escape the captivity of the past, which is one of errors in judgement in each and every instance where you had a judgement to make. Look ahead, not backward, or there will be nothing to which to look ahead for. Look backward only to learn from the past. A philosopher once said that he who does not learn from the past is doomer to relive it. Sincerely, and I would like to say hopefully, Harold Weisberg